

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



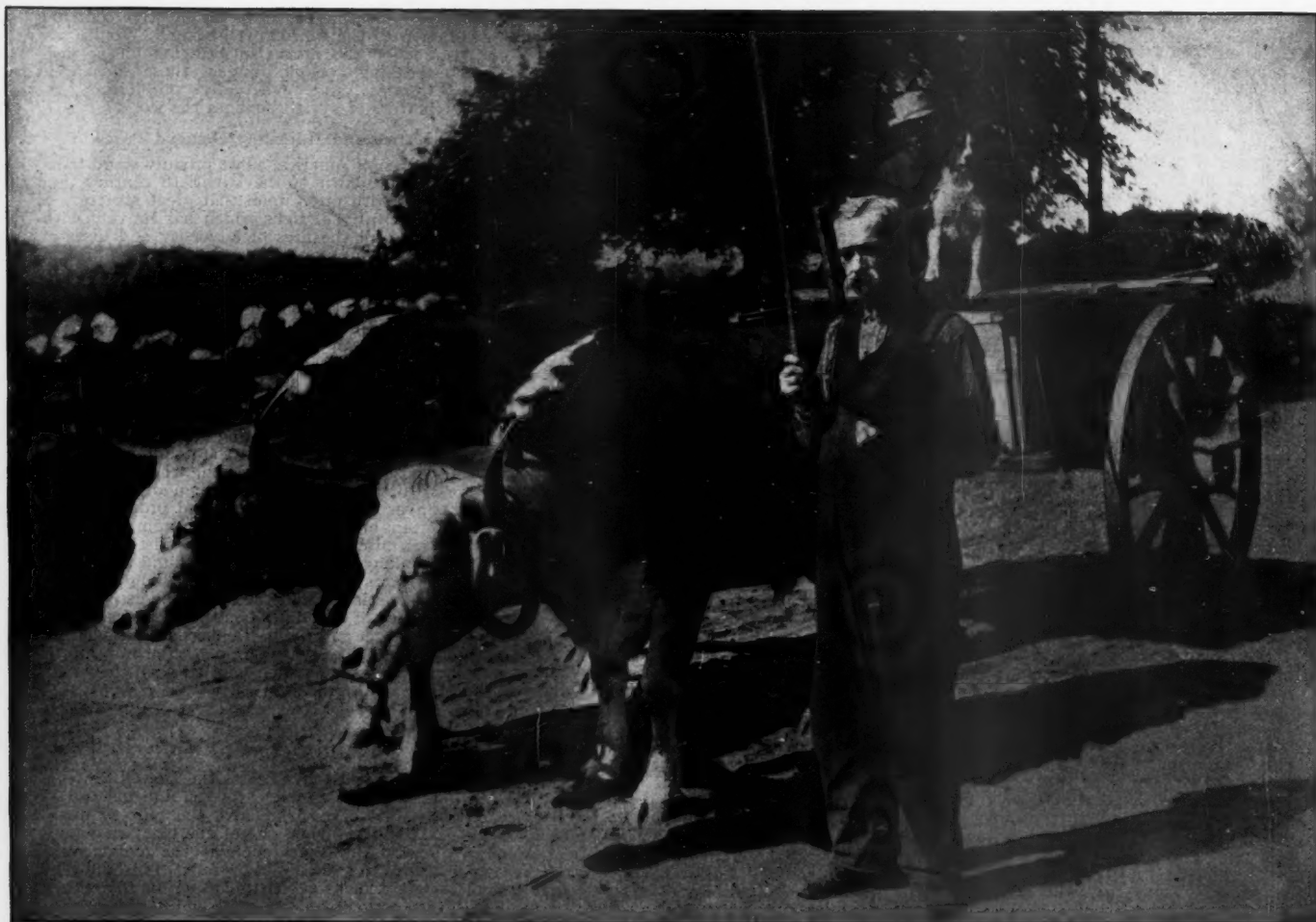
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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SPRING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHEN ALL THE EARTH IS PARADISE

These things shall be—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

JAPAN AND WAR

Again as new battleships are being asked for, the advocates of an ever-larger navy are proclaiming the danger that threatens us from a war with Japan. All this is in the face of the clearest and frankest utterances of leading Japanese statesmen affirming the most friendly attitude on the part of Japan toward the United States. Americans who have lived for years in Japan, and have had every opportunity to know the facts, deny the existence among the Japanese people of any desire to violate the traditions of peace and good will that have so long bound the two nations together. Why shall we not believe in the integrity and sincerity of the high officials who speak for Japan? The honorable thing for us to do is to accept their statements and trust them as we would want our own to be trusted. We have no sympathy with the spirit that has nothing but suspicion for men of other nations who talk of friendship. They are quite as likely to be honest as we are. There will be no war between Japan and the United States unless we want it, and for such a crime against civilization the American people will not be responsible.

The following appeared in a Boston paper under date of March 16: "A general meeting of the International Press Association of Japan was held in Tokio yesterday for the purpose of making a formal denial of recent reports in the United States regarding the alleged unfriendly attitude of Japan towards this country. A resolution was adopted declaring that newspaper men in Japan are totally unable to discover any basis in the circumstances or sentiment in Japan warranting the disquieting speeches now being made in America."

MORE THAN PEACE

We are bidden, in a book with which none of us are too familiar, to "love the good, and hate the evil." The phrase is a significant one. It means more than appears at first glance.

Peace! Of course we believe in peace, love it, would that it might prevail. When the "White Squadron" went round the world was it not in the interests of peace? There were those who said so, who insisted that it was a very messenger of good will and brotherly love. We want peace, they said, so let us send out our mighty battleships across all the seas that the other nations of the earth may see what it would mean to cross swords with us. But did these people hate war? Do they hate it today? Do its crimes and cruelties, its barbarisms, its horrors, its awful waste of human life and treasure awaken in them the hostility that rouses them to declare war against war?

Steadily, as the years pass, we believe this host is increasing who not only love peace but whose souls grow hot with indignant protest and opposition whenever war is advocated as a solution of the quarrels of nations. When men hate war with the same intensity with which multitudes of us now love peace, vast navies will be no more, and the armies that now shake the earth with their tread will be scattered into the valleys and onto the hillsides and through a thousand factories and shops, helping and not hindering the progress of the race.

By C. H. LAMBERT, Principal Kramer School, Little Rock, Arkansas

ARBITRATION FOR WAR

Today, the English-speaking people stand free and unshackled in their liberty and freedom. The power and influence of the race is felt throughout the world. Arts and sciences, under their beneficent protection, have flourished and increased in a rapid measure. They have girded the ocean with magic wires and bound the land with bands of steel. Their laws and jurisprudence assure to the world justice and moderation. Their education and enlightenment have opened the minds of men; reason controls and directs their actions. It is to this people, heirs of all the blessings that have been showered upon them through past centuries that we appeal when we speak of the horrors of war and the blessings of amicable arbitration in their disputes and differences.

We have had bitter and bloody wars termed wars of religion, but generally today, the rule is charity and tolerance towards the consciences of men. Do we now, with our nineteen centuries of Christianity and civilization, ever expect to see such wars again? We have had long and disastrous conflicts in the succession of monarchs; but today their succession is fixed by law, and the right to govern absolutely by rulers is fast becoming a thing of the past. Wars of conquests and plunder have devastated the earth; but at present each man in our civilized communities sits securely under his vine and fig tree without hindrance or molestation, protected by the powerful arm of the law. The awful conflicts that convulsed society and arrayed nation against nation, brother against brother, have largely ceased to exist. Our progress and enlightenment demands that the war of the future shall be the bloodless war of right and reason against wrong, of good against evil and the cause of truth against falsehood and deception. The steady march of civilization has revealed to us the blessings of peace and the horrors of war.

Does Blood Appease National Honor?

Some tell us, however, that arbitration, while advisable in certain instances, will nevertheless be found inoperative when applied to various disputes which, it is advocated, admit of no peaceful settlement. Our national honor may be impeached, our flag insulted, incivilities to officials offered. Admitting that our honor had been impeached, admitting that even the stars and stripes, dear to the heart of every true American, had been insulted, would our national honor be appeased, would our flag float more proudly if, in our strength and might, we should shed the blood of thousands of our enemies and devastate their country with fire and sword? The world is moving on. In our so-called questions of honor, it is time that modern civilization should leave behind those medieval notions, according to which personal honor found its best protection in the duel and national honor could be vindicated only by slaughter and destruction.

Nor should we be concerned respecting the maintenance and enforcement of arbitral decisions because its tribunal is not assisted by military force. There is a mightier force even than armies in the history of the world, and that is the power of ideas, the power of reason and conscience. "Might and right rule the world, but might only 'till right is ready."

That great educational power, Horace Mann, declared fifty years ago, "That the greatest discovery that man has ever made is the common school." The growing tendency, throughout the whole world during the last century, has been to educate the people and to entrust to the whole people the ultimate sovereign power. With this political tendency of the century, England and America, the leading states of the world, are content. Public opinion rules supreme, and we trust the consciousness of the common people to do right today, more willingly than we trust the con-

sciences of diplomats. The conscience of the state, which is the resultant of the consciences of its citizens, demands that the barbarous and savage method of war should give way to calm reason and international justice.

America's Right to Lead

From our position, resources and natural advantages, combined with our ever-growing principle of right and justice, our young nation should take the initiative in this great cause. Already we are the possessors of an actual strength which relieves us from the restraint of fear, and which ought also to relieve us from the bond of selfish pride. Of all nations we should take as our motto: "Noblesse oblige." It is one of the distinctive advantages of a permanent system of arbitration that it calls us to the exercise of our grandest power, and offers us a field for our noblest service.

Of old the winner of athlete's laurel was asked, "What profit does it bring you?" His loyal answer comes ringing down to us through the ages. "It permits me to stand in the foremost rank in my country's defense." In like manner our material eminence confers on us the right to lead in the championship of humanity's highest weal. Suppose this country, laying aside all petty jealousy and rising superior to mere selfish ambition, should ratify clear, sensible treaties with all the nations of the world, founded on arbitration, reason, and common sense, would that not be for her the crowning glory of this twentieth century? Would not that example, proof of her devotion to honorable peace, be an effective contribution to the world's well-being? Would that not be the means of bringing all English-speaking people under those beneficent treaties, and eventually prohibiting the horrors of war throughout the world?

Justice and Humanity Demand Peace

Men of America, as we proudly stand today on the dawn of the twentieth century, and look with pride upon that great structure of constitutional right which has bravely withstood all the fires of adversity and disaster, what think you of this great cause of arbitration which will settle our differences amicably and honorably without the terrible loss of life and property—which takes from the passions and prejudices of a nation its disputes, and allows them to be settled by reason and conscience?

Let us then as true Americans always be found on the side of justice and humanity, advancing the cause of peace and brotherly kindness, and promoting the ideas of reason and conscience. May the goddess of peace, whose handmaid is Truth, whose guarantor is Justice, and whose guardian angel is Mercy, hover over our fair land and protect her by means of amicable arbitration from the horrors and misery of war; and may all the English-speaking peoples always be bound together as brothers by their union, compelling peace and justice throughout the earth, and assisting the coming of that day when the "war-drums beat no longer and the battle flags are furled," and of that time when nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

—Arkansas School Journal.

HIGH COST OF LIVING

It is said that it costs the United States—that means that it costs you and me and all the rest of us who have the bills to pay—\$1700 every time one of the big war guns is fired. That's as much as the average mechanic can earn in two years. It would send many a boy or girl to college for four years. The day when we shall end the enormous economic waste of war and preparation for it, is coming fast.

For Our Dumb Animals

ENGLISH SPARROWS

They chirp in the crest of the beautiful elms,
They perch and they cling and they sway;
And they tell again the story
Of Old England far away.
They tell of the shores so sunny and fair
Where the blue Atlantic drones;
And a sunnier dream comes in, perhaps,
As the wind of winter moans.

Oh, there in the street in the sun or the sleet
We see them, a brown-breasted throng;
And we list and we hear the cheet, cheet, cheet,
In the note of their sweet treble song.
They are telling, methinks, of the home they have
found
O'er the blue of waters afar;
How they spread the brown wing to the song they
would sing
In love to the white western star.

To the blossoms that cling to the low cottage wall,
They come for a time of repose;
And they sleep till the dawn, till the shadows are
gone
From the red of the sweet brier rose.
They are under the eaves of palace and cot,
They are under the love of your heart;
They are under the guidance of God, who has sent
Them into the field and the mart.

REV. LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER,
Malden, Mass.

By ELIJAH HUMPHRIES, Fall River, Mass.

THE SPARROW'S SERMON

Anecdote Awarded First Prize in April Contest

When pastor of Park Avenue church, Brooklyn, New York, I was preaching one Sunday morning to a languid audience, for it was a hot, sultry day in summer. The windows were all open for ventilation, but scarcely a breath of air was felt. The atmosphere was oppressive and the service dragged. When about half way through my sermon, a sparrow flew through one of the open windows and startled the drowsy audience by flying round the church, at times threatening to light on one or other of the ladies' bonnets. At length it lighted on the communion rail, directly in front of the pulpit and in full view of the audience, and there settled down quietly. All eyes were intent upon it. My discourse had been rudely interrupted, but as if by inspiration I was seized with the thought to change my theme, speak of God's care for his children, and use the little bird as an object lesson. This I did, quoting the Savior's words in Matthew vi. 26: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The audience was intensely interested, every mind was alert, every soul thirsty for the comforting truth. The little creature remained perfectly quiet and seemed as interested as any of the rest of us. Just before I closed he flew out of one of the windows, having left a message of hope and comfort to tired hearts. I have felt a warmer place in my heart ever since for "God's sparrows."

EARLY RISERS

Birds get up early in the morning; and they retire early or they could not do it. The blackbird is the last to go to bed; the robin is awake and singing at half past two. Fifteen minutes later the thrush begins; and one after another the feathered troubadours start in, until at four all are at it. At five-thirty it is time for breakfast; and the early worm has to pay one of the numerous bills presented to the silent wigglers of the lawn.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.



MA, GRANDMA, AND THE BABY

FIRST PRIZE

S. LOUISE PATTESON, Cleveland, O.

By R. B. THOMPSON, Salem, Ohio

BRINDLE — HUMANE TEACHER

Story Awarded First Prize in April Contest of Our Dumb Animals



ALTHOUGH Jimmie had spent the sixteen years of his life on a big stock farm and possessed a rather intimate knowledge of animal life, his lot, unfortunately, had never been cast with men who possessed any consideration for the dumb brutes with which they worked. Indeed they had not even been required to consider humane treatment of animals a matter of dollars and cents. Accordingly, they kicked and beat the horses and mules, swore at the cattle, used clubs to intimidate the hogs and were invariably cruel.

It had never occurred to Jimmie that the horses which they were compelled to drive into a small enclosure to catch might be taught to come at the word of their master by the exercise of a little kindness, nor did he know that cows are naturally affectionate if given the least encouragement.

But an incident happened late one October afternoon which gave Jimmie an entirely different appreciation of animal life.

Brindle, a motherly old cow belonging to the herd on the farm, who had a few weeks previously presented her owner with a fine, well-developed calf, had been missing for several days. One of the men had carelessly allowed Brindle and her offspring to wander away into one of the large pasture fields. To Jimmie, who had hoped he could go nutting that afternoon, was assigned the duty of hunting Brindle and the calf and driving them back to the barn.

With a feeling of resentment toward his father, old Brindle and live stock in general, Jimmie set out reluctantly to find the missing cow. For two long hours he trudged across the fields, through valleys; fighting his way through underbrush and berry brambles, growing more angry the while.

Finally, when struggling through one of the worst thickets he had encountered, he saw through the seared leaves what he thought was a small portion of Brindle's coat and closer investigation proved it to be the old cow. Jimmie's first impulse was to hunt a club and administer a beating to the cause of his long afternoon trudge, as the men of the farm surely would have done.

But a low, plaintive "moo" checked him, and attracted him closer to Brindle. There

he saw the cause for her absence, for at her feet lay cold in death the calf. The hair about its head was wet from repeated licking, which was Brindle's only method of showing her affection, and indicated too her hope that her baby might arise and follow her once more.

Jimmie gently fastened a rope about the neck of Brindle and called to her to follow him. Taking a few steps in compliance with his command, the old cow stopped, looked back at the body of her calf and then at Jimmie, mooring piteously. It was too much for the lad and there in the gathering twilight, with the pathos of the situation appealing to him as nothing had ever touched him before, he thought how his own mother would feel under like circumstances. Recognizing that it was impossible to take the calf along and that he could not bury it to prevent the little body being torn by dogs and wild animals during the night, and yet aware that he must take Brindle home, Jimmie crept over to the old cow, put his arm about her neck, and tears trickled down his freckled cheek as he tried to make her understand that they must go. Brindle seemed to understand and without further objection followed Jimmie quietly home.

Fortunately, none of the men were at the barn when they arrived and the old cow was placed quietly in her stall and fed. At the supper table Jimmie told the story of his experience between sobs, and although at first some of the men were inclined to make sport of the boy's "chicken-heartedness" he noticed that they soon left the table. He afterward learned that they had gone to the field where the cow and calf were found and had buried the body, so that it might be undisturbed. And from that time on there came into the lives of Jimmie and the men on the big farm a spirit of humanity toward the animals which had never before been known. It is needless to add that the animals repaid the kindness in like manner.

FROM "FOR PITY'S SAKE"

"Are dumb animals immortal?" asked a young theologian of one of the oldest and most renowned professors in a prominent theological seminary in New England, who replied: "Are dumb animals immortal? Young man, I don't know; but if you have one of God's dumb creatures dependent upon you for food and care, I advise you so to treat it in this world that you will not be ashamed to look it in the face if you chance to meet it in the next." SARAH NELSON CARTER.

By MISS LESLIE SAVAGE, Aurora, New York

MAJE

Story Awarded Second Prize in April Contest of Our Dumb Animals



GROUP of firemen was gathered around the stove in the engine house, smoking and recalling the glories of "Hose Company, Number One" for the benefit of a chance visitor. The perils of fire-fighting and the heroic deeds of different firemen had all been discussed.

"Well, I'll tell you who's got as much sense at a fire as anyone in the company," drawled the engineer, "and that's Maje." He jerked his thumb toward one of the stalls in the rear of the engines where the head of a magnificent bay horse could be seen, nosing over his hay, and pausing now and then to glance sociably toward the group around the stove.

"I can remember when he was nothing but a green country horse, filled to the brim with skittishness and devilry," continued the engineer, "but it didn't take him long to get onto the ropes. Do you remember that fire down at the car shops, Bill? Well, sir, Maje had only been in training six months when we had that call. The flames had such a start that we needed every man and there wasn't a soul to stay with the horses. 'Twas an awful winter's night—most as bad as this one," he added, as the wind howled around the corner.

"Yet that horse stood out there in the snow till after midnight. Trains would go roaring by and he would just tremble with fright, but he never moved an inch from his tracks till we came to hitch him on again. Since then he's been our standby. We never bother to look after the team he's in. They're dead sure to be right where we left them, every time. That horse hasn't missed a fire in three years! You can't keep him in, he's so—"

The brazen clamor of the fire gong broke in upon his speech. Instantly every man was on his feet. Before the signal had finished striking, each one was flying to his place, struggling into his boots and coat on the way.

As the locks on the stall doors were thrown back the horses sprang out. "Maje" was first, his neck arched high and his nostrils distended with excitement. He crashed down the hall and wheeled into his place in front of the engine, where he stood fairly shivering with impatience till the harness was buckled on. Then they whirled out into the night.

A driving blast of snow and wind struck them, and the pavement was a glare of ice beneath the eager hoofs. The grizzled driver tightened his hold on the tugging reins. "Hope nothin' happens," he muttered.

Before them lay a long down grade, at the end of which a burning factory threw its glowing flames dully through the flying snow. The horses were going at full gallop, their mighty bodies thrilling with eagerness. They were almost there.

Suddenly Maje slipped, struggled in vain to keep his footing, and fell with a sickening thud. The other horse was dragged down with him. Instantly the men were beside the struggling team. The other horse got to his feet, but Maje half rose only to fall back again. After a mighty effort he scrambled to his feet. He started forward, but one leg hung limp and broken. Before the men could stop him he struggled ahead, almost groaning with pain, yet with his eyes fixed on the blazing fire beyond. Hobbling and slipping, he battled on for a few paces and then fell for the last time. Nothing could be done save to put him out of his misery, yet, as he lay on the pavement, his last feeble struggle was toward the fire—that goal he had striven so bravely to reach.

Soon everything was over. The fire was checked. The half-frozen men were back in the engine house. But they were strangely silent. The usual rejoicing over a well-fought battle was lacking. One by one they crept up to bed, and as they passed, each man cast a lonely glance at the empty stall that had once held the most loyal soldier of them all—Maje of "Hose Company, Number One."

A friend driving with Count Tolstoy, the eminent Russian author and reformer, noticed that he had no whip, and reminded him of the fact. The Count, with a look not wholly without scorn replied: "I talk to my horses, I do not whip them."

By EDWARD PEARSON, Oberlin, Ohio

CARE OF WORK-HORSES

Essay Awarded Third Prize in April Contest of Our Dumb Animals

Wise people never abuse their means of livelihood; the skilled mechanic knows that he is dependent upon his two hands for a living and for this reason he keeps himself in prime condition. This same principle of conserving one's capital exists in all departments of life. It was the foolish miser who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Two teams were working on a bridge construction job in the country. One was composed of two magnificent black horses owned by the colored teamster that drove them. They were well-bred animals, half again as large as ordinary work-horses, and were always kept in the finest condition. Their black coats were always polished and glistening, and both animals had manes reaching nearly to their knees.

The other team consisted of two mules, ordinary, long-eared mules. They were good-sized animals and had once been a first-class team. But they were owned by the company and driven by a hired teamster. A more dilapidated-looking pair of animals was not to be seen for miles around. No driver worked a few minutes overtime at night or got up a little earlier in the morning to polish their hides. If the teams happened to be away from the camp at noon the mules as often as not went without anything to eat. This never happened to the blacks for their owner would always get something for them at neighboring farmhouses.

No matter how important the job, the contractor could never persuade the colored driver to work his team overtime. Moreover the driver knew just how much sand made a load, in hauling from a creek-bottom, and not a shovelful more went on after he had said "enough." But no one ever worried about the mules. They had to pull all the wagon would hold. "Mean jobs" always fell to them. It seemed to be the common opinion that the only way to drive mules was to use a blacksnake on them and every time the driver was feeling "sore" about something he was sure to take it out on the mules.

Now the difference between the two teams was this: The driver of the black horses owned the animals while the mules belonged to nobody—but the company. As the horses represented their owner's investment of five or six hundred dollars, it was good business for him to keep up his capital in the best possible condition and to make it last as long as possible. He never had had trouble in getting work, for contractors were always anxious to get him when they saw his big horses. While ordinary teams earned \$4.25 per day he had no trouble in getting \$5.

But the mules, why should any driver "fool" with them? They belonged to the boss, the driver drew his two dollars a day and was careful not to over-earn his wages. Consequently they had run down. The "capital," in this case invested by the company, was decreasing in value.

Thus the care of work-horses is a business proposition. The teamster owning a pair of horses finds that by good treatment and care he can increase their earning capacity and prolong their working years. Notice, and you will find that men driving their own teams are much more careful and considerate of them than are hired drivers. Just as it is money saved for the private owner so is it money saved for the company to exercise care over their teams. Every business firm should realize this fact and require good treatment of their horses by their drivers.

I firmly believe God paid just as much attention as he did to man to every animal he endowed with life, from the tiniest insect to the elephant, from the humming-bird to the eagle.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.



RURAL FREE DELIVERY

THIRD PRIZE

W. C. EATON, Medina, N. Y.

For Our Dumb Animals

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"

"Is it nothing to you,
All ye who pass by?"
The pain of God's creature
That starving must die?
His manger is empty,
His feed-box is bare,
The north wind is whistling,
And no one to care.

Up the long, weary hills
He carried the load.
In patience and silence
O'er tortuous road;
The coal for the fireside,
Through rain, and through sleet
And food for the children,
When winter storms beat.

The friend of the city
He gathered the grain,
That fills its great warehouse
With opulent gain;
He toiled for the parkways,
For church, and for store,
His reward is a shed
With rickety door.

Oh, the sore on his back!
The poor, crippled feet,
All pleading so mutely
The joy-bells to greet.
No bed, and no blanket,
On this freezing night,
Blest Angel of Mercy,
Can these things be right

We pray for the voiceless,
The helpless, the weak,
For their restoration
We humbly will seek;
The horse of the stable—
Dear Christ, hear this cry—

"Is it nothing to you,
All ye who pass by?"

MRS. EMMA W. ROBINSON,
Kansas City, Mo.

By W. S. NORTON, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

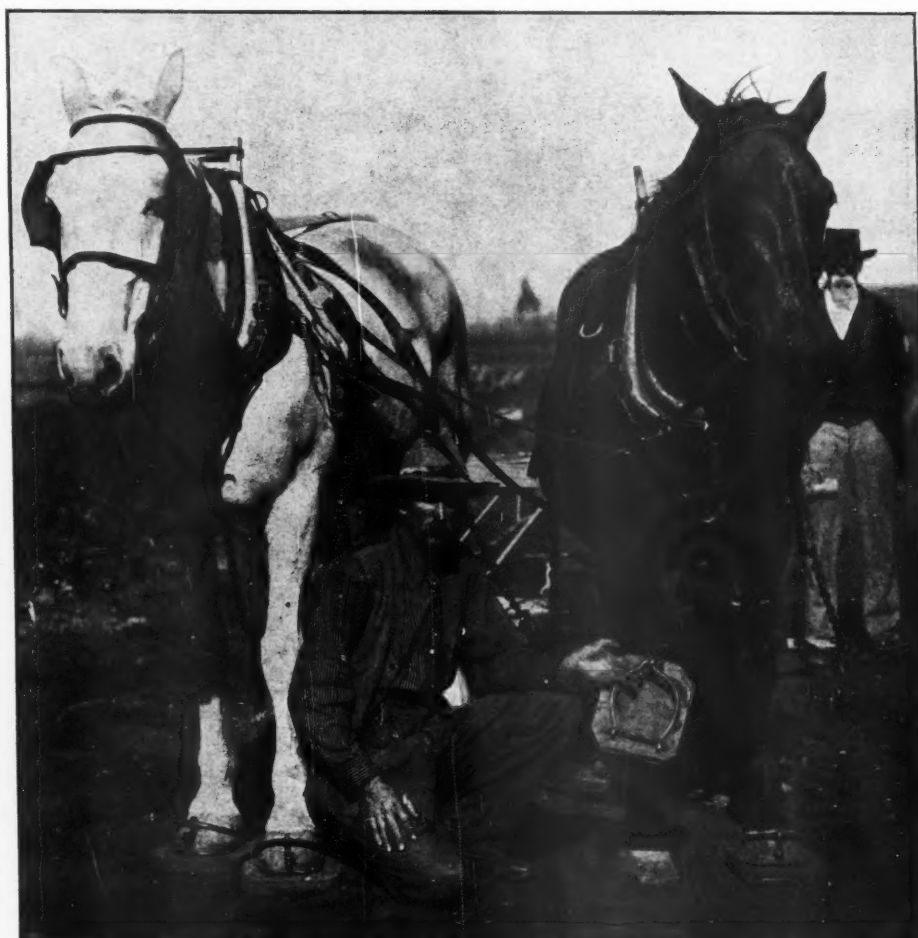
OLD FAN

Awarded a Third Prize in April Contest

Though she disliked and tricked me, the old farm mare saved my life when the emergency came. "Old Fan's" conduct relative to different members of the family was nicely discriminating, according as she was treated by each. She was made aware of my displeasure over the ridiculous flopping of her far-protruding tongue when I drove. My father, little noting such habit, never gave the animal a cross word or a blow. Old Fan appreciated this, and while the animal was resentful and of revengeful purpose toward me, she never tricked my father, never showed the least unwillingness toward any task. When Fan was wanted someone would go to the pasture for her with the lure of an ear of corn or a pan of oats. If it were I, she would thrust her nose far out, lay her ears back, grab the corn or a mouthful of oats, turn about and gallop away, kicking up her heels in defiance and gloating. She never thus tricked my father. With me she would even run off, if unhitched outside the barn, as soon as she was free from the buggy, taking care always not to do any damage.

One droughty summer I had to ride Fan twice a day to a distant creek for water. One day when trotting along the highway at a good clip, a noisy dog came at her with startling suddenness. She instinctively shied out to one side, and I helplessly slid off her back and dropped to the ground directly under her belly. One more step of Old Fan might have killed me—the boy who had beaten and scolded her. No! She stopped instantly, even under the scare of the pursuing dog, and I was at liberty to pick myself up at leisure.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.



SHOES WORN BY HORSES IN PEAT LANDS OF ORANGE COUNTY, CAL.
HONORABLE MENTION

ERNEST HORSFALL RYDALL, Los Angeles, Cal.

By MRS. NATHALIE LEE, Fort Worth, Texas

CUBS INSEPARABLE

Anecdote Awarded a Third Prize in April Contest

The owner of a large cattle ranch in West Texas presented the fire laddies of a Texas city with two bear cubs that had been captured on his ranch. The little fellows were named Bill and George, after the donor and his brother, and were placed in a small park connected with the Central fire station. They soon became a great attraction, and were made pets by everyone, especially the children, who brought and fed them all kinds of dainties. When winter came, a little house was built for them, with doors to the south, that they might not suffer from the cold.

One day George tired of the park, and yearning for freedom, broke loose and escaped. He was soon missed, and a fireman lassoed him and started back with the unwilling captive. In the struggle that ensued, the bear was strangled to death. Poor little Bill refused to be consoled. The fruits and candies offered by the children were left untouched, and he could not be coaxed out of his den. He showed signs of being sick, and a veterinarian was called, but without avail. And just a month after George's death poor little Bill died of a broken heart. He was buried in the park, and many firemen, policemen, and children attended the funeral, some of them with suspiciously moist eyes. The little empty house still stands in the park, a monument, as it were, to George and Bill.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in schools.

By MAUDE E. S. HYMERS, Pontiac, Mich.

HOMING INSTINCT IN HENS

Anecdote Awarded a Third Prize in April Contest

Finding their way home, a distance of seven blocks, and through a business portion of the town, would be nothing remarkable in pigeons, or even the dog or cat, but in fowls seems worthy of notice.

We sold six Buff Orpington hens to a man, who carried them away in a bag. Next morning at feeding time four of them were back to breakfast. There was no doubt these were the hens sold, for aside from the matter of number there was the indisputable proof of the leg band on each fowl. On his way down town Mr. H. stopped at the home of the purchaser, who said that four of his hens were missing from the park. At noon he came for them, carrying them away in a bag as before. About four o'clock that day I was upstairs, when chancing to look from a front window I saw one of the hens turn the street corner a block away. Past the other houses in the block she came, turning in at our driveway without hesitation, and squawking joyous "ca-dack! ca-dacks!" which certainly were chicken talk for "got back! got back!"

Investigation developed that those fowls had returned without human assistance, one of them a second time, the way having necessitated their making two turns, following electric track, crossing railroad track, passing factories, depot, etc., which would seem to prove either a superior intelligence for the Buff Orpingtons, or the development of the homing instinct.

"Blessed are the merciful."

By EDITH STOW, Clyde, New York

DESERTED ANIMALS AT SUMMER RESORTS

Essay Awarded First Prize in April Contest of Our Dumb Animals



THE Animal Refuge at Portland, Maine, is pointing out a new line of work in the prevention of cruelty to animals. It is the rescue of household pets abandoned by summer dwellers.

Early in the spring there begin to swarm to the islands off Portland and the adjacent shore, flocks of light-hearted summer people, bringing with them their guests and their servants, their silver and much finery. In the fall, when the duties of the winter social season begin to call them, they close their summer homes and with guests and servants, with silver and much finery, they board the trains and depart.

Then it is that the Animal Refuge of Portland takes up its yearly work of rescuing deserted household animals. Men are sent out in boats by the society and wherever a summer residence is closed the grounds and shore are searched for castaways. The number of unfortunates rescued during the days of early fall is as surprising as it is deplorable; but it is not until the winter months, when starvation has either rendered the animals too weak to escape or too desperate to accept any help, that the full harvest of them is garnered.

Islands Inhospitable in Winter

People who have seen the islands only in their fair summer dress can scarcely be made to realize what they become when winter holds them. They are then mere ice-coated ledges, swept by stinging winds and sleet storms. From such conditions nature protects her children. The fish are safe under the ice; the native animals sleep the winter months away in warm burrows. But the creatures thrust inadvertently into such surroundings are in a cruel plight. Nature is not responsible and she makes no effort to assist them. They are shelterless, the mouth of every hole and burrow being buried under the deep snow. They are without food, for at this season the supplies upon which they subsist are practically lacking.

Naturally the cat is the household pet abandoned in largest numbers. Unfortunately, too, it is of all animals the one least fitted to cope with the conditions. In the snow the cat is awkward, insecure, and slow of foot. Its natural sources of food are gone. Now and then a male cat survives the winter; but a female cat with a family dependent upon her has but the barest chance.

Many tragic little family histories are discovered in searching the islands. One cat, deserted when her owners returned to the city, was found after a driving storm huddled under the piazza of a cottage for shelter. She was coated with sleet and badly frost-bitten, but the two kittens protected by her body had been kept warm and dry. This brave little mother died from the exposure, but her kittens were carried back to the safety of the Refuge. On one of the beaches last winter five emaciated little kittens were found sheltered by the body of their dead mother.

Cruelty of Collars and Ribbons

The cats whose transient friends have decorated them during their brief season of favoritism with collars and neck ribbons, face still an added danger from these trappings. One little fellow was found hanging by his collar in the branches of a tree, frostbitten and starving. Another, whose wasted frame had grown pathetically small for his collar, had gotten a forefoot wedged up through this neckpiece and was discovered lunging through the snow drifts on three feet, endeavoring to secure his living. A sailor, landing by chance on this shore, found him and buttoning him up warm inside his blouse, brought him to

the door of the Refuge late one stormy night.

"I couldn't stand it to see the little beggar so hard up," the seaman explained.

Just here one must pause until the severity of one's judgment is tempered by justice. The people who are responsible for bringing about such situations do so not from wanton indifference or cruelty but from a twofold ignorance. They do not understand the cruel severity of the winters; and they are laboring under the fallacy, so generally prevalent, that a cat can pick up a living anywhere.

How One Abandoned Cat Prospered

A fisherman, whose home is on one of the islands, related an incident that serves to illustrate this mistaken idea. When his summer work off the shoals was ended and he returned home, he found on the place a handsome Maltese cat that had been the pet of a departed New York family. So shy and wild had the animal grown that it was impossible even to feed it. All scraps thrown from the fisherman's door were devoured by bolder hungry creatures. By January the Maltese had reached a state of weakness so pitiable that he could barely stagger through the snow. Only then the fisherman succeeded in getting near enough to throw him food. Spring came, and game was once more plentiful. A sleek and prosperous-looking animal greeted his mistress on her return, who was much pleased with his appearance.

"What a fuss people make about leaving cats on the island," she remarked to the fisherman. "Look at that Maltese I had last summer. He has been on the island all winter and is in fine condition."

"Then," said the man, "I told her, first, the plain facts of the case; and after that, a few things that were on my mind."

Owing to their greater value, not so many dogs are abandoned, though occasionally one of these is brought back to the Refuge by searchers. It is not necessary to cite examples of their rescue. My object is merely to point out to the public a condition that exists. I do this with a full faith in the generosity of the offenders, believing that it is necessary only to use all possible means of laying the facts before them. But this phase of cruelty is wide spread. What is true of Portland is equally true of other seaport towns.

THE BEST DOG

Yes, I went to see the bowwows,
And I looked at every one,
Proud dogs of every breed and strain
That's underneath the sun;
But not one could compare with—
You may hear it with surprise—
A little yellow dog I know
That never took a prize.

Not that they would have skipped him
When they gave the ribbons out,
Had there been a class to fit him—
Though his lineage is in doubt.
No judge of dogs could e'er resist
The honest faithful eyes,
Of that plain little yellow dog
That never took a prize.

Suppose he wasn't trained to hunt,
And never killed a rat,
And isn't much on tricks or looks
Or birth—well, what of that?
That might be said of lots of folks
Whom men call great and wise,
As well as of that yellow dog
That never took a prize.

It isn't what a dog can do,
Or who a dog may be,
That hits a man. It's simply this—
Does he believe in me?
And by that test I know there's not
Compeer beneath the skies
Of that plain little yellow dog
That never took a prize.

Oh, he's the finest little pup
That ever wagged a tail
And followed man with equal joy
To Congress or to jail.
I'm going to start a special show—
'Twill beat the world for size—
For faithful little yellow dogs,
And each shall have a prize.

Harper's Bazar.

By SARAH K. BOLTON, Cleveland, Ohio

LAWYER SAVES DOG'S LIFE

A few days ago a little brown dog, of no particular kind, wandered into the City Hall, became dazed at the crowd, and fell three stories down an elevator shaft. Hon. C. S. Horner, a lawyer and city councilman, and a reporter for the *Cleveland News*, at once started a subscription for the little broken-legged dog. Four dollars were raised. The dog was taken to the office of Dr. W. C. Fair, veterinarian, where the leg was put into a plaster cast. The animal is now at home with its grateful owner. It augurs well for a city when public men are thus kind to the speechless.



THIRD PRIZE

INEZ M. POLDER, Panama, N. Y.

By ROBERT G. SEVERANCE, Turner's Falls, Mass.

DAMRASCH

Story Awarded Third Prize in April Contest of Our Dumb Animals



HE was only a dog, was Damrasch, and not a handsome dog at that. He was big and tawny, and of a brown-yellow color. He lived in Holland, where all such dogs serve as beasts of burden.

His first master was a cruel man, a dealer in hardware who forced the big dog to draw his load through the terrible heats of summer and the bitter colds of winter. This began when the dog was but ten months old and continued for two years. One day in summer, when his master had been cursing him more than usual, according to the manner of men of Christian countries, Damrasch was overcome by the terrible heat. The dog had not had a morsel to eat for two days and, worse than that, had not quenched his thirst for more than twelve hours. The poor beast collapsed in the middle of the road. When his master found that no amount of kicking would raise the animal, he left him with one last curse.

The crowds of people poured by—on the other side of the road—on their way to a fair. Only a suffering dog. Men of Christian countries need take no heed. Finally a very poor old man and a very beautiful little boy, a child of some five years, came up the road. But they did not pass by. It was worth their while to notice a poor, bleeding, dying dog, and so they stopped. The old grandfather lifted the dog's head and bathed it in water from a nearby brook. Then he lifted him onto his cart and took him home. The dog was of good stock, and although completely worn out at that time, after a few weeks of rest, became strong again.

Now the old man was a very poor peasant who dragged his little cart with milk from the neighboring dairies into the large town. But the old man was getting very lame, and so the dog took the burden of the cart. It was not a burden to the beast, for he had been used to dragging a huge load of hardware, and the new life seemed like Paradise to him. The dog was a comrade for the old man and the little child and, according to the custom of dogs, showed his sympathy in every conceivable way. The day might be cold, the food but a crust of dry bread, as it often was, yet the dog never showed signs of dissatisfaction, for his duty was to the old man and little child who had rescued him.

The years passed by. The old man died a lonely death with only the child, now a boy of fifteen, and the old dog as mourners.

The boy was wretchedly poor. Not a friend in the world remained to him excepting the good, faithful dog. But the boy had one talent that to him meant more than silver or gold. Since his earliest childhood he had traveled back and forth from the great town with his little wagon, and he had often visited the great cathedral where Van Dyck's masterpieces hung.

"One day I shall be a great artist," was his thought. "Damrasch now is my one companion, but then—" That would be wonderful, but good Damrasch would still be his true friend.

The boy had a great talent for sketching, it is true, but his poverty was his great drawback.

It happened that in the big city there was to be held a great contest. To the boy who sketched the best original drawing was to be given the opportunity for studying art. How that word *opportunity* rang in his ears. Try!

For eight long months he worked, with Damrasch at his side. He denied himself everything—food, clothes, and even lodgings. In the end it would pay. The contest closed the first of December. The boy placed the



"SCOTT, YOU ARE A VERY SICK DOG"

THIRD PRIZE

W. C. EATON, Medina, N. Y.

drawing on the little milk cart and, with his faithful follower at his side, trudged the long, frozen road to the city. In the eyes of the boy were the marks of sorrow, hunger, and fatigue, and his face looked worn and old.

The weather was now freezing cold, and the two wanderers had nowhere to lay their heads, for a cruel master had driven them from their hut because the rent was overdue. Still, what would it matter if only the promised award of two hundred francs per year were gained?

The twenty-fourth of December saw the award of the prize. The boy and Damrasch were on hand at the great public building. The prize was awarded to—not the boy, but the son of a rich brewer of the city.

All was over. The poor boy and Damrasch plodded once more wearily along the road. It was night, and the boy sought the cathedral once again. This time he was broken in spirit. Tired, dejected, sick and utterly worn out, for not for two days had he tasted food. Through the carelessness of the keepers the cathedral was unlocked.

The boy and the dog entered, and together they lay down in front of the chancel. With his arm around the dog, his only friend, the boy slept. The next morning the priests entering the cathedral for the Christmas services, beheld the two lifeless forms—the young boy and the old dog, peacefully sleeping their last sleep, sleeping forever, side by side.

That Christmas day, one of the judges of the contest announced to the people that he sought the boy who, had worth won, should have received the prize for the crayon sketch entitled "Damrasch"—the picture of a faithful dog.

But the poor boy and the faithful dog slept their last sleep together in peace, where the buffetings of the world could no longer trouble their dreams.

Be kind:

The whole creation groans in anguish sore;

Lay not a finger-weight of sorrow more

Upon the suffering heart of man or beast;

Bind up the broken-hearted, help the least,

A mission for our love we all may find;

Be kind.

By P. O. LOWREY, Lecompte, La.

THIS DOG'S FAITH SAVED HIM

To make doubly secure the levee that protects New Orleans from the waters of the Mississippi a strong wall of heavy plank and timbers about six feet high is put on the water side of the dirt levee to break the force of the waves and the water at high tide. This wall being about perpendicular it is impossible for an animal without claws to climb it.

It was in the summer of 1899, while pastoral visiting in lower New Orleans near the Jackson Barracks, that I discovered a half starved and emaciated dog behind this wall. Evidently some cruel person had abused him and had thrown him overboard to die. Upon my approach to him he showed a mixture of appeal and fear, and I found that when I descended the wall and offered to assist him that he could not trust me, and in spite of all his need he showed his teeth and bade me keep my distance. Thereupon I climbed back and went to a nearby grocery and borrowed a rope and tried to drop a noose over his head and draw him ashore, but in this I failed. I then secured some food from the grocery man and again descended the wall and began to feed him to assure him of my friendship. But though he seemed almost persuaded to trust me he still refused, and started dragging himself up the levee. But before he had gone far—up the narrow strip of land between the wall and the river's edge—he met a large boy coming towards him walking on top of the wall. He stopped and seemed to reason that he couldn't escape dealing with a man, and seemed to decide to resign his life into my hands and make the leap of faith for life, or else let me put an end to his suffering. Thereupon he deliberately turned and came directly to me and absolutely surrendered, turning on his side and presenting a forefoot. No sooner did I touch the foot than he was perfectly passive in my hands and I had no trouble in lifting him to his liberty. As best he could, he frisked, and ran and rejoiced, giving me to understand that my kind deed was gratefully appreciated.

I went away feeling that surely an angel might covet such an experience.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Boston, April, 1910ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last
page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are
respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts,
which is published each month, and if they do not find
the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly
notify us.AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are
wanted everywhere, but they should first apply for proper
authorization. Liberal commissions will be given.TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at
the special price of twenty-five cents.BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratui-
tous distribution only, are for sale in small or large
quantities at greatly reduced prices. They are specially
adapted for distribution at fairs and exhibits of all kinds.Our *American Humane Education Society*
sends this paper this month to the editors of
the twenty-two thousand, five hundred news-
papers and magazines published on this con-
tinent north of Mexico.*Our Dumb Animals* also goes regularly to all members
of our two Humane Societies, to the executive officers of
all the Humane Societies throughout the entire world;
large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign
countries; thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own
and other countries; members of our National Congress;
presidents of all American colleges and universities north
of Mexico; writers, speakers, teachers, and many others
in various states and territories.

MOVING MONTH

"Moving day" is a popular expression, too well known to many a housewife. But with us it requires a different phrase to give any idea of what it means to change the location of our two Societies, even a few doors from the building where, for twenty-four years, they had been housed. March has been "moving month" with us. While we have every reason to rejoice at the newer and better offices that we are now occupying, on the ninth floor where air and light and lack of street noises are a constant blessing to busy workers, it has meant many an extra hour's toil to get everything into working order.

If any correspondent has not received a reply with our usual promptness, perhaps he will be so kind as to place the blame for the delay on "moving month." When telephone mechanics, carpenters, electricians, and painters, all, in turn, pay their respects to one's desk and carefully remove papers and letters to new locations past finding out, it takes time to do regular work to say nothing of attempting an unusual amount of extra labor.

In addition to our outside agents, we have about twenty workers who require desk room all the time. It has taken some pains and much patience to adjust everybody to the new conditions, and to have the machinery of the entire office running in perfect order. It was not till the annual meeting, March 29, that we felt prepared to be on exhibition. On that day our offices were inspected by the directors of both Societies and by representatives of the Boston press. Many kind and enthusiastic words were spoken by them about the great improvement in our headquarters.

We have seven connecting office rooms facing the street, with a storeroom besides. On the corner of Milk and Arch streets is the President's office, opening off the general room. The latter is spacious enough to provide room for eight girls who attend to the mailing of *Our Dumb Animals* and other office work. On the Arch-street side are separate and commodious rooms for the treasurer, secretary and editor, assistant treasurer, and prosecuting agents, and also a stock room. Each of these rooms is equipped with a skylight and plenty of windows overlooking the roofs of the city buildings to the west.

All our friends are cordially invited to visit these offices whenever they have opportunity.

TO THE PRESS

The new President desires to express his sincere appreciation of the cordial and gracious utterances of the press of Boston and of this and other states relative to his election as the successor of George T. Angell. The courtesy extended to him in this way has been so marked and generous that he seeks this opportunity to acknowledge it. It has become an inspiration to him to spare himself no expenditure of time or strength that he may not fall below the high standard that has been set for him.

Our two Societies would also gratefully acknowledge the liberal recognition given them by the press in connection with their choice of a new President. This recognition is to us an invaluable asset. Where we fail of our largest possibilities of usefulness we shall expect criticism—we shall deserve it—where we keep honestly and faithfully at our task we shall count, in the future as in the past, upon the cooperation and good will of the press and the public. Only as we merit this are we true to our great trust.

HUMANE SOCIETY SAVED

Word has just been received from Washington that the bill introduced in Congress to curtail the powers of the Washington Humane Society by turning over to the police of the District of Columbia the enforcement of the laws for the protection of animals has been killed in the committee. We rejoice with this sister organization that its foes have suffered a deserved defeat.

OUR PRIZE CONTEST

The third monthly prize contest for essays, stories, anecdotes, and photographs for *Our Dumb Animals*, will end April 15, for publication in the May issue. The rules governing this contest have been printed in the last three numbers of the paper. They may be obtained also upon application to this office.

One of the results of this series of contests has been to stimulate similar interest in humane writing throughout the country. For example, the Humane Society of Hillsdale, Michigan has offered prizes to the high school pupils of the county who should write the best essays on "Kindness to Animals." The prizes were: first, \$5 in gold; second, the Angell sterling silver medal; third, a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*. The county commissioner of schools sent out this announcement to the principals and teachers in all the high schools of the district, urging that it meet with their approval and endorsement. In connection with this contest efforts are being made to form Bands of Mercy in every school-room.

No more effective way can be found to interest the people generally in the cause of humane education and kindness to animals than by inciting school pupils, college students, and mature writers to think and express their ideas upon these topics. We wish that some benevolent person might be moved to place one thousand dollars at the disposal of our American Humane Education Society, to be expended in prizes sufficiently large to attract the attention of the ablest writers to humane subjects.

GOOD BOOKS FOR PUPILS

In memory of Arioeh Wentworth's munificent bequests, our American Humane Education Society offers its most popular books, bound in heavy paper, pages 7 x 4½ inches, printed from clear type:

"Black Beauty" (264 pages)

"Strike at Shane's" (91 pages)

"Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst" (154 pp.)

in good editions at two and one-half cents per copy (half cost only), for large orders to be shipped by express or freight.

Samples of all three sent upon receipt of ten cents to pay postage.

ANGELL MEMORIAL FUND

Last Month's Receipts Swell Total Amount
by Nearly a Thousand Dollars

From Maine, from California, and from distant Italy have come some of the generous contributions to the Angell Memorial Fund during the last month. Extracts follow from a few of the numerous letters received:

From an Italian Princess

"You will find enclosed a cheque for a small sum which I must ask you to place among the contributions towards the Angell Humane Building. No one has greater admiration than I have for Mr. Angell's life and work, and I wish that I were able to give more substantial proof of it."

From a Michigan Friend

"I am glad to see the proposition for a memorial befitting his splendid character and useful, unselfish career. I want to have a stone in that monument and herewith enclose the obligation card sent me for the payment of ten dollars.

"With every good wish for the continuance of the good work of the Societies so near and dear to the heart of him who was such a tower of strength to them, and for the continuance of the paper, than which no publication is more welcome in my home."

A Gift that Means Sacrifice

"I would like to do something towards the fund for the Memorial Building. I long to see it completed, and I believe there will be within its walls the great and loving spirit of the beloved one who was called away from his ever-untiring work, but which will continue to follow on through ages. Let the work grow until every place upon God's footstool shall feel the effects of it.

"I am depriving myself for the sake of sending this. It always makes me happy whenever I can do something towards helping those who cannot speak for themselves, so I try in some way each day, if possible, to sow a little seed here and there for them."

RECEIPTS FROM FEB. 24 TO MAR. 29

Previously acknowledged	\$35,700.58
Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith, Greenfield, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. Emily P. Brown, Pittsfield, Mass.	2.00
Miss A. M. Cobb, Lowell, Mass.	.50
"Two sisters," Roxbury, Mass.	3.00
Miss Anna M. Smith, Worcester, Mass.	2.00
Miss Ellen Snow, Hartford, Conn.	5.00
C. M. LaDuc, Binghamton, N. Y.	5.00
Principessa Mele Barese, Naples, Italy	5.00
Mrs. H. E.,	
Francis E., and	
Miss Helen E. Blake,	North Adams, Mass. 5.00
Miss Harriet I. Turner, Worcester, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. H. N. Wilson, Pittsfield, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. S. L. Mühlhausen, Washington, D. C.	.50
Miss Lucy S. Brewer, Boston, Mass.	25.00
Mrs. Jacob Fottler, Boston, Mass.	25.00
Mrs. Mary L. Morgan, Rutland, Mass.	.50
Mrs. Wm. C. Stoddard, Newport, R. I.	1.00
Elbridge Torrey, Dorchester, Mass.	50.00
Mrs. Dr. Winslow, Roxbury, Mass.	2.00
J. E. Waterman, Napa, Calif.	1.00
Mrs. A. Kirkness, S. Berkeley, Calif.	1.00
"A friend," in memory of pets, Providence, R. I.	500.00
Mrs. A. B. Clum, Milton, Mass.	10.00
"A friend" from Cohasset, Mass.	150.00
Miss Rosa S. Allen, Medfield, Mass.	5.00
Miss Eleanor Boardman, Bangor, Me.	10.00
Miss Lucy S. Sampson, Boston, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. D. W. Hooper, Brookline, Mass.	5.00
"A friend," Cambridge, Mass.	100.00
Mrs. Katherine Foote, Dedham, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. Caroline Earle White, Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
Mrs. Jane C. Clark, Greenville, Ill.	1.00
Henry L. Green, Worcester, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Guy Richardson, Boston, Mass.	50.00

Total.....\$36,688.08

A Humane Building, as a permanent memorial to George T. Angell, will plead continually for the cause for which he toiled incessantly.



Office, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Special Agent;
THOMAS LANGLAN, CHARLES F. CLARK,
GEO. W. SPLAINE, FRANK G. PHILLIPS,
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, HARRY L. ALLEN.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden, and Hampshire Counties—DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 823-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 2758-12.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable, and Bristol Counties—HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640.

Ambulance Always Ready

Someone is on duty at the main office at every hour of the day or night, including Sundays and holidays, and the ambulance for sick or disabled horses can always be had by calling Richmond 572; or our Massachusetts Society, Fort Hill 2640.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases, where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards cautioning all persons against overdriving, overloading, overworking, depriving of necessary sustenance and shelter, or inflicting any unnecessary cruelty upon any animal.
- (3) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

REPORT FOR LAST MONTH

Animals examined	3704
Number of prosecutions	45
Number of convictions	40
Horses taken from work	89

At the monthly meeting of directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, President Rowley reported receipts as follows: From bequest of Charles H. Draper of Brookline, \$1000; donations and interest received since February meeting, including \$514 for Memorial Building, \$1462.90. Notice was received of wills, with bequests as follows: Miss Martha F. Harney of Lynn, \$500; Rev. John C. Kimball of Greenfield, \$300; Miss Martha M. Buttrick of Lowell, \$600; Mrs. M. S. Spaulding of Groton, \$1000; Mrs. David W. Foster of Boston, \$1000; Miss Elizabeth Fuller Capen of Dedham, \$5000.

At the meeting of the American Humane Education Society, the President reported receipts of donations and interest, including \$522.30 for the Memorial Building, amounting to \$788.30.

Boston, March 29, 1910.

NEW DIRECTORS ELECTED

At the annual meetings of both our Societies, held Tuesday, March 29, the executive officers were re-elected, as printed in another column. Besides President Rowley, these new directors of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. were chosen: Henry C. Merwin, Wallace L. Pierce, Mrs. John H. Storer, and Mrs. Arthur T. Cabot of Boston, and Miss Harriet G. Bird of Stow. The American Humane Education Society voted to increase the number of its directors by five in addition to President Rowley. Those chosen were Dr. Albert Lefingwell of Aurora, N. Y., Mrs. Anna Harris Smith of Boston; Mrs. Mary F. Lovell of Philadelphia; Sydney Richmond Taber of Chicago, and Mrs. Lillian M. Jones of Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

TRAFFIC IN OLD HORSES

Agent Robert L. Dyson of the M. S. P. C. A., whose activities are well known in the counties of Worcester and Franklin, was instrumental recently in causing the arrest and punishment of two vicious offenders.

After cruelly driving a horse, with a broken ankle, Anthony Doherty and Patrick O'Rourke were ordered to have the animal killed. Instead of complying the men took the badly-crippled horse away at a distance into the country and sold it. Hearing that this had been done, Agent Dyson procured an automobile and, taking along the heartless horse traders, located the horse several miles away in the possession of a man who showed a receipt of ten dollars which he had recently paid.

Doherty and O'Rourke were later taken to court and charged with cruelty. The former was sentenced to four months, and the latter to three months in the county jail.

WOODEN PAVEMENT AGAIN

Another petition for laying wooden pavement on a street of busy traffic in Boston has been before the street commissioners. A hearing was held about the middle of last month. Scores of men representing the Master Teamsters' Association were present, as well as a large number of contractors, officers of the Work-Horse Parade and others, all of whom protested against anything but the granite block for city streets over which even light hauling must be done. The only people desirous of the wooden pavement were occupants of the buildings on the street in question. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was represented by its President and a special agent who spoke on behalf of the horses in opposition to the so-called noiseless pavement. The petition, we understand, has been denied.

ANIMALS RESCUED FROM WELL

A humane act performed by two policemen of Station 13, Jamaica Plain, deserves high commendation. On March 7, the attention of Officers James A. Howes and Leonard M. Pike was called to the struggles of a dog and cat that had in some unknown manner fallen into a well thirty feet deep. By lowering a lantern the officers were able to lasso both dog and cat and to draw them to the surface uninjured.

HUMANE MEDAL AWARDED

Master Randall Gray, a colored boy who recently entered a burning building at some risk to rescue his dog, was awarded the humane medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at the annual meeting of the Society.

EXHIBITION AT DOG SHOW

By invitation of the New England Kennel Club, our Massachusetts Society had a literature table at the twenty-sixth annual dog show, held in Mechanics Building, Boston, February 22 to 25. We had an agent of the Society in constant attendance to answer any questions regarding our work, and to distribute gratuitously about ten thousand copies of *Our Dumb Animals* and other humane publications.

SOME MARCH CASES

March 1. Patrick Fallon of Roxbury was fined \$25 for driving a poor worn-out horse.

March 2. Thomas Breen of Charlestown was fined \$25 for beating a horse while at Hingham.

March 5. Bartlett Sears of South Yarmouth was sent to jail for thirty days for non-sheltering his horse.

March 8. Robert McMullen of Fall River was fined \$15 for driving a lame horse.

March 10. Thomas Leary of North Scituate was fined \$25 for failing to provide food and shelter for his dog.

March 9 and 10. Jesse B. Leonard, owner, and John Cunningham, driver, were fined \$40 and \$10 respectively, for driving a galled horse at Brockton.

March 28. Alonzo Howard of Shutesbury was fined \$50 for causing unnecessary suffering to his stock, \$10 for driving horses unfit for labor, and \$10 for non-feeding.

"FRIENDLY INN" FOR HORSES

Mr. A. Melzer of Evansville, Indiana, visited the larger eastern cities last fall to study the conditions of horses and what is being done for their comfort, with a view to finding out how he could best remedy the conditions in Evansville. He now announces that he has built a "Friendly Inn" for horses, which is ready to receive guests. His object is to furnish first-class stabling and board at the lowest possible cost to owners who are not in position to properly stable and care for their horses. His plan is similar to that of the Mills hotels in New York, except that his purpose is to feed and stable horses at cost or a little below cost. He proposes to charge \$3.00 per week at present for this service, the price to vary with any marked changes in the cost of feed.

Mr. Melzer cordially invites visitors to his "Inn." Friends of the horse in many cities will watch the Evansville experiment, hoping that it may solve the problem of practical relief to horses now improperly stabled.

KIT AND ROB NOT WELCOME

Horse Sense Failed to Tell Them They Had Outlived Their Usefulness

An interested reader in Belding, Michigan, vouches for the truth of this incident, as told by the Smyrna correspondent of the Belding News:

They were only a pair of horses, mother and only colt, Kit and Rob, old and thin, dreadfully thin, dejected and forlorn. Well, last Sunday night they found freedom in some way and horse sense guided them back to the place where for nearly thirty years they had faithfully served one master, and there in the old barnyard, in front of the old stable door were they found the next morning, waiting patiently for the friendly voice and gentle hand of a master who had cared for them here so many years. What dreams of green pastures by the river side, or cosy stable and fragrant hay, had entered their poor homesick heads, none may know. We only know that sometime in the night they left an uncongenial place and wandered home, their thin bodies shivering in the chill night air as they waited longingly for someone to open the door and let them rest in the old familiar stalls. Poor old beasts! Thin and bony and of long experience, they had yet to learn the lesson which often comes to humans with a shock of surprise, that the old and feeble are not wanted; tolerated maybe, because they could do a little and eat less, but not welcome. But Kit and Rob didn't know this, and so they stood, on that bright Monday morning, feeble and woebegone, waiting for the opening of the door which had heretofore never failed them. They didn't know their usefulness was ended. They were only horses—beasts—they didn't know. And the goddess of mercy was far away.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated March, 1889.

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on the preceding page.

WIDE AS THE WORLD

Few realize how wide the field in which has been sown the seed of our American Humane Education Society. Letters are just at hand from Geneva, Switzerland, from M. Gerome Perinet, of the Societe pour la Protection des Animaux, by which he is received into membership in our Society with the desire, on his part, of undertaking the systematic organization through the schools of Switzerland and Europe of Bands of Mercy.

No one who knows the influence of this work among the children of our own land, who sees the mail that comes every day from groups of children all over our country, can doubt the splendid service the Band of Mercy idea is rendering for the men and women of the future. Though many of the boys and girls pass out of these Bands as they grow older, the instruction is not forgotten. One of the most prominent young business men of this state said to the writer recently that he still remembered the pride with which he pinned on his Band of Mercy badge as a child, and that his interest in this great cause dated from that day.

OUR SONG BIRDS

If half the story is true about the destruction of our dear friend the robin, which is told in another column on this page, then the bill now before Congress, being urged by our own Representative, Mr. Weeks, will arouse the enthusiastic interest of all our readers. The bill provides that "all migratory birds, which, in their northern and southern migrations, pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided for."

While this bill is primarily drawn for the protection of such game birds as geese, swans, ducks, snipe, etc., giving the Department of Agriculture the authority to prescribe and fix closed seasons throughout the different sections of the country, we are assured by Mr. Weeks, in a letter just received from him, that we shall be "perfectly safe in saying that, if this bill passes, it would enable the Federal Government to prevent the killing of all migratory birds, whether game birds or others, which, of course, would protect the robin."

This bill, the passing of which seems to be anticipated by its warm supporters, will put an end, we devoutly hope, to such a wholesale slaughter of many of our beautiful bird friends as has been possible in the past.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

IN NEW ORLEANS SCHOOLS

Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Florian Schaffter and other officers of the Louisiana State S. P. C. A., the literature hour in the public schools of New Orleans on Friday, March 11, was devoted to humane education. One thousand copies of recent issues of *Our Dumb Animals* and a "Message" from the Louisiana Society were distributed in every public school in the city. The "Message" tells how the pupils can help the Society and also how the Society can aid the students. We recommend this plan to other societies, and suggest that those interested send to Sam. W. Weis, President of the S. P. C. A., New Orleans, for samples of the leaflet. "We are already having demands for Band of Mercy buttons," writes one of the New Orleans workers, in her report of the success of this enterprise.

"BLACK BEAUTY" IN SPANISH

A kind friend in New York recently forwarded an order for fifty copies of "Black Beauty" in Spanish, to be sent to her cabman in Havana for distribution among the cab drivers of that city. Americans traveling abroad who observe cruelty in the treatment of horses may be able to interest the drivers in "Black Beauty," when it would be impossible to reach them in any other way. We have for sale editions in French, Spanish, Swedish, and modern Greek.

MINIMUM SPEED BILL

Once more we urge our readers to write their Senators and Representatives, asking their support for Senate bill No. 5538, and House bill 19041. This bill will secure, if passed, a minimum speed of sixteen miles an hour for trains transporting live stock, and thus lessen materially the sufferings and abuses to which animals in transit are now subject.

From Farewell Sermon of Dr. Rowley, Delivered February 27, and Published by Request

OUR COMMON BROTHERHOOD

Alone as he is in the great universe, science, no less than our Scriptures, affirms that beneath the individual lives of men there lies a common base—a common soil into which descend the roots of each, binding them together as mother earth makes of a million trees of varied hues and shapes one mighty forest. The swaying tops of the trees may never touch, some may look like solitary sentinels so high above their fellows do they reach, some may never push their branches above the common level, but down yonder, out of sight, their roots are interwoven in the same nourishing and supporting soil. Men are, by virtue of a common origin, bound into one great brotherhood. Black or white or brown or red or yellow, they belong to the same family of God—may say with the ancient Hebrew, "Have we not all one Father?"

We must say more. Our brotherhood is wider than the human relationship. Our kinship with the forms of life below us we can no longer deny if we would. The birds and the beasts are our humbler brothers, earlier born. Our pathway has lain through them up to the heights we have attained. In some way, through the creative Providence of God, they have been the unconscious servants lifting us up to our larger life. Of the birds it is said, "They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." The cattle, too, on a thousand hills, are His. "He openeth His hand and supplieth the want of every living thing." His care is for them as truly as for us.

He who feels this tie that binds him to the races of sentient life below him, and sees them as objects of the same infinite and gracious interest, must look upon them with kinder eyes than those with which once men beheld them. They too have rights, sacred and God-given, which it is his, their stronger and wiser brother, to acknowledge and to defend.

For Our Dumb Animals

TO THE MINSTRELS OF THE SPRING

Ye little birds that make the morn
Melodious with mirth,
All the fair promise of the Spring
Is in your happy carolling
Proclaiming Joy's rebirth;
O sing away the livelong day
Your tirra-lirra-lirra lay,
To gladden this gray earth!

Since ever this old world began,
And fluttering to the breeze,
The Spring her banners green unfurled,
Those same gay songs have cheered the world—
Your sweet bird symphonies!
Yet ever new the hopes they bring
When tender buds are blossoming,
And harps hang in the trees!

O happy are the thoughts that come
A-winging at your song,
To nestle close within my heart,
There to abide and ne'er depart—
The tuneful, joyous throng—
Through all the long, sweet April day!
So sing away! Your roundelay
Make full and loud and long!

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

SLAUGHTER OF ROBINS

Thousands Killed in Tennessee and Sold at Ten Cents a Dozen

Robins are numerous at Lofton, Tennessee, and are selling readily in the local market at ten cents a dozen, says a correspondent to the *Nashville American*. It should be explained that the robins are not so numerous as they used to be, for the fact that they sell for ten cents a dozen has induced many men and boys to engage in the wholesale slaughter of the birds.

Thousands of the robins gather in the cedars to roost, and hunting parties go in the night and capture and kill them in large numbers. One party caught 2,000 birds in one night. One hunter caught 377 birds in one tree. It is estimated that 150,000 have been killed within the last three weeks. It is great sport—and the robins sell for ten cents a dozen. That is the way in which wild bird life is being protected in some parts of this great country.

The robin is a beautiful and harmless bird. He is an indefatigable destroyer of insect pests. Any one who has ever watched him on a lawn can testify to his industry in searching out bugs and worms, and his capacity for putting them where they can do no harm. If there is a cherry tree handy he will visit it occasionally, but he much prefers to forage after living things. He is a cheerful, happy bird, and rather likes to make himself handy around the premises, rearing a family the while in the boughs of the old apple tree. He is not much of a singer so far as the quality of his music goes, but he is always willing to give you a sample of the best he can do in that line, and the effect is not unpleasant to the human ear. In fact, the robin is always ready to be friendly and serviceable if given half a chance.

It is to be regretted that our neighbors in Tennessee are not giving the robin even half a chance, but are murdering him in cold blood. There really seems to be no reason for it except that robins are worth ten cents a dozen. That also would seem to be about the proper market quotation for men who engage in such slaughter, either for pleasure or profit.

FEATHERS ON WOMEN'S HATS

If women must wear feathers on their hats, instead of the plumage of song birds, let them wear the wings of chickens or of the national bird, the turkey. The number of singing birds of the country has been reduced almost half because a few foolish and vain women who have no feeling whatever for the lives of birds want to wear feathers on their hats.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

By MRS. ANNA F. BENNETT, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

CAT SUPERSTITION

Essay Awarded Second Prize in April Contest of Our Dumb Animals

There is no animal so generally misunderstood, so berated, and about whom so many superstitions cling as the "harmless, necessary cat." Of all the domesticated animals of man there attaches to the cat alone an air of mystery. This is, doubtless, due to the animal's weird-looking eyes, its peculiar habits, stealthy movements, night prowling, and its strange vocal accomplishments, ranging from soft musical mewings to the wailing shriek described by Poe, "half of horror and half of triumph." Upon this atmosphere of mystery which attaches to the cat and the wide-spread belief that the animal exercises a mysterious influence over the lives and destinies of human beings, Poe founded his ghoulish tale, "The Black Cat."

These curious beliefs and superstitions attaching to the cat existed in early times. In ancient Egypt the cat was sacred to the goddess Isis and was held in highest reverence. Temples were erected in its honor and sacrifices and devotions offered up to it. In Egyptian tombs mummified bodies of cats have been found, some of which may now be seen in the British Museum. When the family cat of an Egyptian family died, the members of the household were required to shave off their eyebrows as a sign of mourning.

Doubtless the various superstitions about black cats are a direct heritage from our ancestors' belief in witchcraft. That this belief was by no means confined to New England every impartial reader of history knows very well.

Why the Cat Distrusts Us

The astonishing accuracy with which a cat seems to read one's mind, and her own apparent mental reservation of distrust makes her almost uncanny. But why should not a cat distrust humanity after the treatment it has received for so many generations? The following anecdote may be coincidence, but we are of the opinion that it can be matched in the experience of many persons who have had anything to do with cats.

"James," said an annoyed housewife to her husband, "you must dispose of that cat tomorrow." Said cat had been helping herself to cream. The fact can be verified that the cat disappeared in the night without assistance from James and was never seen about the place thereafter.

No one knows the cat until he has known and really loved some one cat, and no cat ever gave itself up to its human friend with the generous abandon which is so much admired in the dog unless it were perfectly confident of that love. Thus our own attitude toward the animal, which the cat intuitively perceives, determines its bearing toward us, and if diluted by prejudice, as even kindness often is, how can a human observer get close enough to the cat to really apprehend it? May it not be possible that here is a wide field of scientific investigation entirely unexplored? To the close observer of cats it is very evident that this "fireside sphinx" possesses psychic powers which have never been investigated, unless by the ancient Egyptians. Nowadays we are too busy vivisectioning the poor little bodies to learn anything of their more subtle intelligence which is beyond the reach of the cruel scalpel.

Another curious fact, well known to genuine cat lovers, is the soothing influence upon tired nerves of the purr of a contented, happy cat. This is corroborated by Mr. Louis Wain, a well-known English illustrator, whose studies of cats have made him famous. He says: "There is a powerful magnetic influence which emanates from a sleepy or even a quiet cat, that many an invalid has experienced without realizing it. If

physicians were to investigate this feature of the cat's electrical and magnetic influence, in place of anatomical research after death, or the horrible practice of vivisection, they might be doing a real service to humanity." In these days of nerve disorders and neurasthenia, may not this also suggest a field of investigation?

Another common belief in regard to cats is that they can "suck a person's breath." Though this fallacy has been exploded hundreds of times, there are still otherwise sensible people who believe it. In the first place, it is a physical impossibility—the formation of a cat's mouth being such as to make it absolutely impracticable. Now it is not at all unlikely that some cat, somewhere at sometime, in its well-known love of warmth may have sought a cosy place in a baby's cradle and in its eagerness may have snuggled fatally close to the little sleeper so weak as to be unable to resist and throw off the cat's weight, but the wide-spread prevalence of this idea is difficult to understand. Certainly if it were true, the present writer would doubtless have been dead long ago, as she had every opportunity to test it from babyhood.

Give the Cat Fair Play

It seems to us that the cat has never had her share of our boasted Anglo-Saxon fair play. It is about time for us to stop prating of mercy, and to show a little more simple justice toward a much-abused and misunderstood but useful animal, and a fascinating pet, if rightly appreciated.

Oh yes, we know it is unpopular to say we "like cats." There is at once a suggestion of "old maid," "feline nature," or something of the sort which silences the average woman. More than any other being she fears the laugh.

From the standpoint of the humane work, these silly superstitions and this attitude of many well-meaning but thoughtless people have wrought much harm by fostering a prejudice which causes suffering.

On the other hand it is gratifying to see in print occasional essays like Miss Repplier's "In Praise of Cats," and a charming little book by Miss Benson, "The Soul of a Cat." All the recent literature which emphasizes the individuality of any animal or which draws attention to the standpoint of the animal helps to banish some ignorant prejudice and opens the way for fairness and consideration. But, alas, superstition, like other forms of ignorance, dies hard.

Of the forty-eight persons in Washington, D. C., that were bitten during the past year by dogs supposed to have been afflicted with rabies, no deaths are known to have resulted.

THE CRYING QUESTION

I fear I am behind the times.
Yes, sadly out of date;
I take scant interest in woes
Of which my sisters prate.
I do not vote—I'd rather not,
My "rights" away I fling;
We have a man at our house
To do that sort of thing.
No sufferings of suffragettes
Can rob me of my sleep;
But this is what I want to know
Which kitten shall we keep?
For when our Pussy Willow brings
And places on the floor
In front of me (as who should say,
"Dear Mistress, here are more!")
Five kittens each a fluffy love,
So innocent and dear,
And only one may bide with us,
I really feel quite queer.
Then do not ask me if I vote,
Or broach a problem deep;
Just tell me, oh, kind some one, please,
Which kitten shall we keep!

—Woman's Home Companion.

By MRS. A. D. MacKINNON, Boston, Mass.

THE FISHER-CAT OF APPIN FALLS

Anecdote Awarded a Third Prize in April Contest

All have heard of catfish. Few have heard of a cat-fisher. The story I am about to tell relates to Miss Pussy as a disciple of Isaac Walton. Who has not heard the old adage, which is all but universally true,

"Feign would the cat fish eat
But she is loath to wet her feet?"

There is much truth in all old sayings, but year by year one after another finds exceptions to it established. This saying about the cat's hatred of water notwithstanding its inherent taste for fish that it contains, holds true in the case of a kingdom of cats; but one exception at least is found in the remote district of Egypt in Cape Breton. While on a visit to this beautiful island not long ago, a few of my friends planned a trip to the Appin Falls.

These falls are situated on the Nile of modern Egypt, and are about one hundred feet wide and have two leaping cataracts within twenty feet of each other, the first about thirty feet in height, the second over fifty. The falls are doubtlessly the finest in eastern Canada.

It is a little above these falls, where the stream is shallow, that the subject of this sketch sits on a rock and does her fishing. She is a skilful fisher too. She does not need a hook such as we use for she has nature's hooks on every hand.

Pussy watches in perfect stillness until she sees her prey when she strikes her paw swiftly into the water and draws out her speckled mountain trout for her daily bread.

This is a true story and can be verified by every citizen of Egypt, all of whom know this clever and sporty fisher-cat.



A SONG OF SPRINGTIME

Sing a song of springtime,
Of cloudless days and skies,
Of bluest blue, with sunshine
To open sleepy eyes,
Of chipmunk and of dormouse,
Of bees and butterflies—
Sing a song of springtime,
Of cloudless days and skies.

Sing a song of springtime,
Of birds that come again
From Southland up to Northland,
Of robin, bluebird, wren,
Of catbird, pewee, linnet,
To haunt the woods and glen—
Sing a song of springtime,
Of the birds that come again.

Sing a song of springtime,
Of flowers that come and go,
As spring laps into summer,
From chill to fiery glow,
Of pasque flower and of roses,
And lilies, white as snow—
Sing a song of springtime,
Of flowers that come and go.

Sing a song of springtime,
Each in its own glad day,
Bringing to happy children
At home, in school, in play,
Frost, sunshine, birds and flowers,
As suits them every way—
Sing a song of springtime,
Each in its own glad day.

BIRD OF WARNING**The Blue Jay Saves Many Lives by His Harsh Notes of Alarm**

The blue jay is a terror to other birds, and does not receive any credit for the good he actually does. One of the worst things charged up against the jay is that he robs other birds' nests and eats the eggs. He is a loud-mouthed, arrogant bird that wants everybody in the woods to know exactly where he is. And right there is where he does something for the other birds and animals of the forest.

When the jay discovers a snake or a hawk or a crow, or anything that might do harm to the other things that live in the woods, he screams and yells and carries on at a great rate. The other birds have learned that, and when they hear the jay fussing, they would better get out of the way.

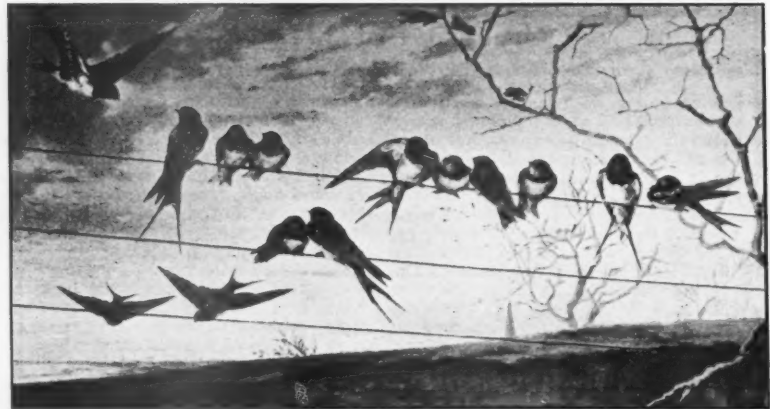
A man may be sneaking through the woods very softly, trying to get within range of a squirrel, when a jay discovers him. Then the bird begins squalling at the top of his voice, and the squirrel runs and hides. In that way he befriends the squirrel, of course and it is possible that is why nature gave the jay a disposition to quarrel and to make a to-do over everything and everybody.

He is a beauty in coloring, and as he stays with us all the winter, he adds cheerfulness to the landscape when everything looks dead and dreary.

GEORGE E. BURBA,
in *Youth's Instructor*.

**GROSBEAK AT DINNER**

HONORABLE MENTION ANNA H. SPICER, Kenilworth, Ill.

**NEW ARRIVALS**

By EDITH M. RUSSELL, Dartmouth, N. S.

AN EXPERT ARITHMETICIAN

Anecdote Awarded Second Prize in April Contest

These incidents show the gift of reasoning of our dapple-gray draft horse, Victor.

He was strong on arithmetic and never made a miss when it came to counting. On one occasion my father had purchased six hundred boxes of tin plate, which were being unloaded from a steamer at a wharf in Halifax. Twenty boxes made a load. Victor very quickly became familiar with the amount that he was to carry home at each trip, and the moment the twentieth box was placed on the express team he would start off without any word or sign from the driver.

One day the man loading the team saw Victor begin to move away with what he supposed to be one box short of a load. He stopped the horse. To make sure, however, the boxes were counted, when it was discovered that the driver had made the mistake. Victor was perfectly correct in his calculation, as a full twenty boxes proved.

The noon gun was a signal never missed by this keen-eared animal, for, in whatever part of his pasture he happened to be, that welcome sound always brought him to the door of his stable in quest of his midday meal.

CANINE MISERY

Companionship with his master is the dog's remedy for every ill, and only an extreme case will justify sending him away or boarding him out, writes Henry C. Merwin in the *Atlantic Monthly*. To put a dog in a hospital, unless there is some surgical or other necessity for doing so, is an act of doubtful kindness. Many and many a dog has died from homesickness. If he is ill, keep him warm and quiet, give such simple remedies as you would give a child, pour beef tea or malted milk down his throat, and let him live or die as did our fathers and our father's dogs—at home.

The worst evil that can befall a dog, it need not be said, is to be lost. The very words "lost dog" call up such pictures of canine misery as can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed them. I have seen a lost dog, lame, emaciated, wounded, footsore, hungry and thirsty, and yet suffering so intensely from fear and loneliness and despair—from the mere sense of being lost—as to be absolutely unconscious of his bodily condition. The mental agony was so much greater than it swallowed up the physical pain. Oh, reader, pass not by the lost dog! Succor him if you can; preserve him from what is worse than death. It is easy to recognize him by the look of nervous terror in his eye, by his drooping tail, by his uncertain movements.

By E. E. BROWN, Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE IN THE SAIL

Anecdote Awarded a Third Prize in April Contest

One fine spring day an old fishing schooner was hauled up for repairs at a little seaport town in Maine. A crew of ship carpenters were at once set to work upon the boat, and one of them was sent aloft to unbend the gaff topsail, and take it down for patching.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "Here's a robin's nest, right in the folds, and four little uns in it!"

"Robins, did you say?" exclaimed the bluff old captain, who was standing on the deck below. "Waal, you jest let 'em be! Never druv no babies from home yit, an' ain't goin' ter begin now. When this 'ere craft's ready ter go, she kin git a new gaff topsail or go thout."

And so the old sail went unpatched, and the robin family stayed and prospered till the little brood was fully fledged and flew away.

ALMSHOUSE FOR ANIMALS

All friendless dogs and cats are invited to Painesville, Ohio, on and after the beginning of next fall or thereabouts. Announcement has been made by Dr. W. C. Stanforth that \$30,000 has been subscribed for the erection of a national home for stray pussies and canines and that eighteen acres of land at Painesville has been secured as a site for this zoological almshouse.—*Chicago Tribune*.



MIG ROBIN; HIS STORY, Emma C. Crummer.

"'Tis not for aye we go, when winter ends
With April's buds we shall return again."

The welcome note of "migratoria robin" brings greater cheer and a new inspiration with the reading of this admirable autobiography. The story, which will appeal to all, should especially interest boys and girls who will be impressed with the necessity of being more kind and extending greater care and protection to one of the most companionable of birds. It is a most effective plea for conservation of robin life.

From his own nesthood days to the time when his fledgling family is raised to maturity, if it is so fortunate as to escape robber-birds and boys, Mig Robin's life is full of adventure such as is here realistically described. There are joys and sorrows, trials and tragedies in the lives of robins as in human lives; and then there are the experiences of courtship, nest-building, migration—all of which make robins the busiest of all our bird neighbors.

The little volume is to be commended for its educational value. We could wish that its influence might make in every community an efficient Audubon society of all the young people. There are twelve full-page illustrations by the author.

120 pp. \$1.00. W. F. Crummer, Oak Park, Ill.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

EFFIE RAVENSCROFT in *The Youth's Companion*



DOLOROS could no more have left to its fate a woebegone kitten or a downtrodden dog than she could have passed her husband on the street without noticing him. From the highway and the byway, the boulevard and the alley, she gathered them in—the lame, the halt and the blind of the animal kingdom.

She did not covet them for herself. She merely sheltered them and fed them—and loved them—until they acquired respectability and comeliness to such degree that some one among her friends felt captive and took them in.



BLUE ORBS AND BROWN ONES MET IN A CONTEST

Dolores tried to explain to Jack that it was not exactly of her own volition she did this thing. And Jack, whose love for Dolores was great if his patience was not, understood and accepted the situation. But there came a time when, he assured himself, the limit had been reached.

It was when the pensioners numbered five cats and four dogs, all so lacking in attraction that even to suggest their adoption were to offer insult.

The small back yard of a small city house was tight quarters for the nine ravenous animals. Besides, the feelings of the neighbors were to be considered. So one morning Jack steeled his heart and issued his mandate. And the same afternoon the wagon of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals drove up to Dolores' back gate and she tearfully delivered her protégés one by one, with her own tender hands. It was a woebegone wreck of sunny Dolores who met Jack that evening. And Jack, feeling himself deeply

injured thereby, forthwith issued another mandate.

"Now, Dolores," he said, "we'll have no more of this, if you please. You'll have to harden your heart, my dear. We certainly can't have another experience like this."

His voice was gentle, but Dolores knew from experience that Jack was gentlest when most determined. She fully understood that it boded ill, not for her personally, but for the next dumb disturber of his domestic peace. So she hardened her heart and averted her eyes and closed her ears, and for a time all went well.

But one bleak evening Jack stamped the snow from his shoes and entered his cheerful dining-room to find a huge and hairy beast in full possession of his hearthstone.

Jack was cold and tired and hungry. Also,

Jack was a man. So when his eyes fell upon the unwelcome and appallingly ugly stranger they darkened ominously.

"Dolores!" he commenced, sharply. "Where did you get that cur? I'll—" but here anger curtailed speech.

And here came an interruption. The "cur" walked with much dignity down the room, sat down in front of Jack, and painfully lifting one immense paw, extended it to the irate master of the house.

Jack looked at the muddy foot and then past it, into the weary, beseeching eyes. Blue orbs and brown ones met in a contest in which there was might on the one side and on the other only helplessness. And the brown ones won. For Jack, "Irish and proud of it," realized that he was being given the retort courteous. A foolish smile crossed his face. Reaching down,—it was not far,—he took the insistent paw and shook it heartily.

"All right, old boy!" he said. "And I'll go halves with you on the corn pone to-night."

I believe I am not interested to know whether vivisection produces results that are profitable to the human race or doesn't. To know that the results are profitable to the race would not remove my hostility to it. The pain which it inflicts upon unconsenting animals is the basis of my enmity toward it, and it is to me sufficient justification of the enmity without looking further.

MARK TWAIN.

In the Egret's Nest

The Angel who numbers the birds for the God of All Things That Be
Had come afar from his journeying over the land and the sea,
And he spake to the Lord of the Sparrows: "True was my count today,
Them that were slain I numbered, and the sparrows that fell by the way;
And down in the reeds and water-grass of an island in the west,
I counted the young of an egret, that starved in the egret's nest.

"And some they were slain that man might live, for so hast Thou made the Law;
And some for the lust of their shining plumes, and all of them I saw;
And counted all whose songs were hushed within their little throats—
The slain for the Law of Living, and the slain for their shining coats.
True have I numbered them all, and the smallest along with the rest—
The young that starved in the rushes, alone in the egret's nest!"

And the Lord of the Little Creatures, who marks where His sparrows fall,
And in the hollow of His hand makes room for the weak and the small;
The Father of the fatherless gave ear, and He listened and heard,
And behold, He has asked a question: "And what of the mother-bird?"
Now answer, you who wear the plumes that were stript from the mother-breast:
Tell why the young of the egret starved, alone in the egret's nest!

ANNE McQUEEN in *The Independent*.

By LOUISE SCHMIDT, Manitowoc, Wis.

PORCUPINE FAMILY

Awarded Honorable Mention in April Contest

Some workmen, who were employed cutting down trees in a wood, found a nest of five little porcupines in a little hollow. Seeing neither of the animals' parents, and that the little porcupines were hungry, they took them a distance of four miles and presented them to their employer's children, who kindly cared for the animals.

Late in the evening the house dog set up a great howl outside. The girl opened the door, when the excited dog rushed in with a bleeding nose. Close behind, a big porcupine walked quickly through the hall. The dog was furious, but the porcupine sniffed her way to the door without heeding the dog at all. The door was open, and she trotted through another room to the next door and from there to the box where her babies were. She crawled into the box and laid herself by her little ones, talking soothingly and nursing them to sleep.

The next evening the dog began the same racket and, when the girl went out, he was rolling a big ball of quills around in great dismay. She took the ball in her apron and carried it to the box. It turned out to be Mr. Porcupine, who also wanted to be with his family.

The children took the reunited family to the barn. Here the porcupines seemed happy all winter and were so tame that they often crawled into the children's laps to be petted.

Toward spring the door of the barn was left open one night, and in the morning the Porcupine family was missing. How it happened that the door was open, the children never understood, but I think their mother thought the porcupines wanted to be free again.

By MRS. M. E. HINCKLEY BROWN, Hampden Highlands, Maine

THEY PRAYED

Awarded Honorable Mention in April Contest

When I was a little girl about ten years old I was watching a Brute trying to "break" a yoke of steers. They had been allowed to grow quite large before the breaking process was begun, and, consequently, they were very awkward. The Brute was using a goad stick, that old-time instrument of torture to helpless oxen. He was also using the most dreadful profanity.

All at once the steers dropped upon their knees, and set up the most pitiful bellowing, a sort of smothered roaring. I can hear it now.

"I'll make ye say yer prayers," the Brute said, using the instrument of torture still harder, while the blood was dripping from their sides.

I really thought they were praying. Who shall say they were not?

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier. GEO. T. ANGELL.

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Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We are glad to report this month four hundred and fifty new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-six thousand, six hundred and ninety-two, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That Are Dumb," and "Annual Report."
3. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.
4. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."
5. The "Humane Manual," and "Exercises for Teachers and Pupils," used on Humane Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.
6. "Humane Leaflets," containing pictures and selected stories and poems.
7. Address by Secretary on "Band of Mercy Work."
8. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band without cost, and receive what we offer above.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")
- 2.—Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



BAND OF MERCY BADGES

They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border. We sell five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to mail orders for less than five.

See last page for prices of other Band of Mercy supplies, or send for free illustrated catalogue.



SOUND AND KIND

SECOND PRIZE

MRS. M. E. HINCKLEY BROWN, Hampden Highlands, Maine

HUMANE DAY

We have prepared an eight-page leaflet of "Exercises for Teachers and Pupils," which will be sent free to every pupil above the third grade in the public schools of Massachusetts, for use on Humane Day, April 12. It contains a series of practical questions and answers on subjects relating to animals; Band of Mercy songs; poems; letter from ex-Mayor Green of Boston, one of the first signers of the pledge; portrait of the new President; and "Greeting," by Dr. Rowley, as follows:

This is the greeting of the new President of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the pupils in the public schools of the State. Many times, while he was living, the former president, Mr. Angell, sent his message to you, assuring you of his unflinching friendship, laying upon your hearts the sacredness of the great cause to which he had given his life, and seeking to win your interest in every endeavor of men to cultivate the spirit of a noble humanity.

I am asking you, as his successor, to believe as sincerely in my friendship, and to share with me, and with those associated with me in these two Societies, in our efforts to lessen the sum of cruelty and unkindness, both to man and beast, that exists among us. With you as helpers, each of you a lover of fair play, a defender of the weak, a champion of the ill-used and unkindly treated, there is almost nothing we might not do in creating a public opinion throughout the Commonwealth that would make deeds of inhumanity and cruelty almost unknown within our borders.

Not less important to you, my dear friends, than the studies you are pursuing, are the virtues of kindness, unselfishness and good will toward all your fellow creatures in the wide world of life. Even of greater worth to you are these fine characteristics of the soul than any purely intellectual attainments can ever be without them.

You will grow, I trust, to hate all war because of the consciousness that will deepen in you that all men are brothers. You will also, I am sure, come to treat with gentleness and consideration all the forms of life below you,—the beasts and the birds, because of their claims upon you for justice and mercy as children of the same creative will as you, and possessing rights which we are bound to respect and guard.

BAND OF MERCY HYMN

A brighter day is dawning—
Religion's holy light
Is pouring its effulgence
O'er Error's lengthened night;
Humanity's broad mantle
Falls tenderly on all
God's humbler, helpless creatures,
With love's embracing thrall.

The good man owns as kindred
All beings he may bless,
Defends them from injustice,
Is pained with their distress;
He feels that life is sacred
In man, or beast, or bird,
And that one God is Father
Of child and flock and herd.

O Brothers, let compassion
Our pledge and banner be;
Let sacred laws of kindness
Shield all from injury.
And Thou, O Father, help us
In deeds of love to live;
And to this Band of Mercy
Thy benediction give!

A. JUDSON RICH.

Receipts for the M. S. P. C. A. for February, 1910.
Fines and witness fees, \$208.50.

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